

THE  
COTTAGERS;  
A  
COMIC OPERA,  
IN TWO ACTS.

By Miss A. ROSS, *K*

(AGED FIFTEEN YEARS)

DAUGHTER OF MRS. BROWN, OF THE THEATRE-  
ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

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Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend;  
And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

POPE.

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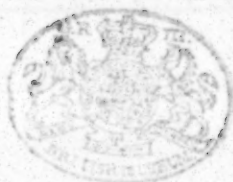
The THIRD EDITION.

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## P R E F A C E.

**H**AD the following pages been brought forward on either of the Theatres, the Author meant to have apologized for their defects in the usual style of Prologue : but since by the earnest intreaty of friends it first finds its way into the Closet, a few lines by way of Preface may not be deemed intruding.

*Know then all men by these presents, that I ANNA ROSS, a forward little scribbler, at the early age of thirteen felt a passion for letters, and endeavoured to scrape an acquaintance with the *Muses*, before I had (my own family excepted) an acquaintance in the world. How far they have favoured my assiduities, I submit to the *Public* and my *Friends*. I offer this our first pledge of love with all its imperfec-*

A tions

tions on its head ;---a *crippled, puny*, little Bantling, which, fostered and strengthened by the cheering rays of private approbation, may, perhaps, one day throw down his crutch, leap from the Closet, and try a run upon the Stage.

However, let his fate be what it may, the very liberal attention of my friends, in the rapid subscription and kind patronage they have honoured me with, excites emotions which I can *feel*, but not describe, and may in future give a nerve to my pen, that the trembling fear of censure before would not admit. A second production may *live* to make me blest their bounty ; as little can be dreaded from critical attacks, when fighting beneath the banners of a BILLINGTON, and well guarded by a *British* SHIELD.

LONDON,  
APRIL 17, 1788.

ANNA ROSS.

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THE

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THE  
COTTAGERS;  
A  
COMIC OPERA.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Sir TOBY and Lady HARWIN at Breakfast.*

*Sir TOBY.* **W**ELL, my Lady, have you given the necessary orders to the servants to get every thing in proper arrangement against Charles comes home? How I long to see him! I dare say he is grown head and shoulders taller than I am. Let me see; he has been abroad just four years, and we have been married two years come next Christmas-eve. I well remember the day.

*Lady HAR.* Ay, and I well remember it too. I am sure it was the happiest one in my life, I was tired of being a widow, but was  
B always



always very prudent, or 'twas not that I had no offer which prevented me, but the great respect I had for Mr. Smirk, my late husband: he, poor soul, loved the very ground I trod, and used to call me—Ay, it almost brings tears into my eyes to think what loving things he wou'd say. Oft would he rise and lift his hands up thus, and cry, “My dearest Bridget, my life, my soul, my”—And then he'd run, and wou'd so clasp me in his arms, and hug—*(runs up to Sir TOBY, and clasps him in her arms)*.

Sir TOBY. Zounds! don't hug so hard—you'll squeeze all the wind out of this poor little body. *(Puffs.)* Mercy on me, you have almost done it already! But, my dear, we'll talk of Mr. Smirk some other time; and when we next do, be sure you leave out the hugs.

*Enter CHARLOTTE.*

Sir TOBY. Ah, Charlotte, you little smiling rogue, you look very pretty to-day. What, you have been dressing in all your best, in expectation of seeing your brother, I suppose! Ah, I know you was always very fond of him; and yet I dare say he won't be half so fine a gentleman as your brother Jonas.—But pray, now I think of it, where is Jonas?

CHAR. He is dressing, I believe, Sir.

Sir TOBY. Dressing! Well, Bridget, you will certainly spoil that boy. To my knowledge, he has been just *(looking at his watch)* one hour fifty minutes and a half dressing that pretty person of his.

Lady HAR. But you must allow, my dear,  
when

when he is dressed he makes ample amends for the time he takes.

Sir TOBY. To be sure, the boy wou'd be well enough if he did not study to make himself ridiculous by his strange manner of dressing. Why, he has his hair bound up so tight behind, that it sticks out just like the handle of a pump: and then, the top is so befloured, that it looks like the back of a hedge-hog in a snowy morning.

CHAR. Nay, my dear papa, you are too severe: I am sure master Jonas is always dressed in the height of the fashion, and quite after my mamma's own taste—which I am sure you must allow to be excellent; for she gave a most convincing proof of that when she chose you for a husband, my dear papa.

Sir TOBY. Why, yes, there is something in that, to be sure; and indeed I must say she has a pretty good taste (*looking at himself*).—A little flattery sometimes does well, Charlotte. But you must not practise too much, or it will grow upon you; and it's like every thing else: Apply it judiciously, and you will find few who have philosophy enough to withstand it. (*A loud knocking.*) Hark! What knocking is that? Who knows but this may be Charles? How my heart throbs to embrace him!

*Enter JOHN.*

JOHN. Oh, Sir, as sure as I'm alive, here's my young master. Dear, how handsome he does look! He's now coming, Sir.

B 2

*Enter*

*Enter Capt. HARWIN.*

*Sir TOBY.* My dear, dear Charles, I am so glad and so happy to see you!—

*Capt. HAR.* Sir, this pleasure is indeed great after so long an absence. My dear Charlotte (*they embrace*), how happy your presence makes me.

*CHAR.* Words can't express, my dear Charles, the pleasure this interview gives me. I am delighted to see you look so well.

*Sir TOBY.* Come, boy, let me introduce you to your mother, Lady Harwin.

*Capt. HAR.* Madam, give me leave to pay my duty to you. As ~~wife~~ to Sir Toby, I shall always be proud to acknowledge you.—But I think you have a son, Madam: I shall be happy to receive him as my brother. I make no doubt, as he is your son, but he must be a most accomplished youth.

*Lady HAR.* Why, as to that, Sir, I think I may venture to say, and not endanger my veracity neither, you will not see a cleverer lad than my Jonas, nor one of better breeding: he is very accomplished, I assure you.

*Capt. HAR.* It is impossible he shou'd be otherwise. But may I not see him? I long to be made acquainted with him.

*Sir TOBY.* He has been preparing to receive you these two hours! I think he can't be long before he is ready.

*Capt. HAR.* He does me honour; but why so ceremonious? You see I am quite in dishabille to receive him; and I dare say he wants no addition of dress to make him agreeable.

*CHAR.* I am sure my brother has taken  
great



great pains to improve himself ; and Mamma has used all her art, haven't you, Mamma ?

*Lady HAR.* Aye, child ; but your brother will be able to judge for himself when he has seen him.

*JONAS (behind).* Do you hear, Tom ? Get my poney ready, I sha'n't wait at home all day.—Ha ! ha ! ha ! what an abominable fellow that Tom is, ha ! ha ! ha ! Oh, I shall die with laughing. (*Enters in a riding-dress, with boots, spurs, whip, &c.*) Why, would you believe ! that ridiculous fellow Tom wants to persuade me to leave off having my tail tied in this fashionable manner—but it won't do.—Why, the last time I was at our little snug club there—a little way off—there was a dispute between Billy Buckram and Tom Powder-Puff which looked the best. Billy was for tail, and Tom was for club ; but Billy got the day. (*Hums a tune, and slides a minuet step.*)

*Capt. HAR.* Bless me, Sir, who have you got here ?

*JONAS.* Lord love you, why don't you know me ? How unlucky that is ! I thought all the world knew me. My name is Jonas Smirk, commonly called by all the little tight lasses about town Jonas the Beau, and sometimes Jonas the Pretty.—Lord bless you, they have all sorts of pretty names for me.

*Lady HAR.* My dear child, behave a little steadily—Why this is your brother, Captain Harwin.

*JONAS.* Oh ! What, is this my brother Charles, that I have heard so much talk of ? My dear boy, I am superabundantly glad to see

see you. Come, give us a friendly shake (*shake hands*). 'Pon my soul, but you are a good smart lad, Charles. You are, by the honour of a gentleman; but (*looking at himself*)—you did not expect to see me so clever, did you now? Come, confess.

*Capt. HAR.* No, I did not, 'pon my soul.

*JONAS.* 'Pon your soul! ah, but that won't do.—You a soldier, and swear by your soul!—No—that will never do.—You must swear by your honour, which is—or *ought to be*—always a soldier's oath; because then you know we have some right to believe them.

*Capt. HAR.* Well then, upon my honour; will that do? Ha! ha! ha!

*JONAS.* Yes, that will do; but what do you laugh for, mun?

*Capt. HAR.* A very good reason why—because I can't help it. Ha! ha! ha!

*JONAS (aside).* Ecod nor I neither, though I don't know what at. He! he! he! Yet now I think on't I won't, for it's my belief he is laughing at me! What, because he has got a fine red coat and a sword by his side, he thinks he may look down on every civil lad that comes in his way: but he's mistaken; for ecod I'll get a red coat and a cockade, and I wonder which will be the smartest of the two—Aye, and I don't know but I may be as proud and as bold as he when I am a Captain.

A. I. R.

Oh then you shall see,  
How you'll all envy me;

So

So fine and so gay,  
 How I'll trip it away.  
 As grand as a Lord,  
 With a fine long sword,  
 My cockade I'll flash,  
 And cut such a dash;  
 Both by night and by day  
 How I'll revel away;  
 Strut, caper, and bounce;  
 Your jacket I'll trounce;  
 At my enemies fire,  
 Then with glory retire;  
 And never, no never, be laugh'd at again,  
 Oh! dear, dear, Oh! dear.  
 And never, no never, be laugh'd at again.

[Exit.

*Lady HAR.* Indeed, Captain, I think you have behaved very unlike a Gentleman in daring to affront my poor boy. (*Aside*) But perhaps you may repent your unkindness to him, tho' you think yourself secure. [Exit.

*CHAR.* Poor Jonas! How angry you have made him, Charles! How cou'd you serve him so? I am sure he is quite a Beau.

*Capt. HAR.* Rather say a Boar, my good sister. Such figures might do very well in France; but in England, they are as unsuitable as soup-meagre to the strong stomach of an English Jack Tar, or a slice of roast-beef to the poor weak stomach of a Frenchman.—For Heaven's sake, Sir, what do you intend to do with him?

*Sir TOBY.* Do with him! Lord, how can I tell? Ask my Lady; he is a chick of her own—quite after her own heart. I have no business with him.

*Capt.*



*Capt. HAR.* Ha! ha! ha! poor my Lady! Why, my dear fir, is it possible you can suffer a son-in-law of yours to make himself such an ass? Why, he must be a laughing-stock for his neighbours. Really, fir, I wonder a man of your sense should yield so much to the whim of your Lady.—'Pon my soul, I shall certainly laugh in his face every time he comes in my sight.

*Sir TOBY.* Well, well, e'en have your laugh out, please yourself; but I'll go and persuade him to alter his style of dress.

*Capt. HAR.* Nay, my dear fir, unless you can get him cast in a fresh mould, I am afraid his dress will make very little alteration.

*Sir TOBY.* Never mind, Charles. But I'll step and order some refreshment for you; I am sure you must be fatigued after your journey. And pray, Charles, don't attempt to contradict my Lady; she has been used to have all her own way, she is too mighty for me to contend with; consider I am not six foot high.

[*Exit.*

*CHAR.* Ha! ha! ha! my dear Papa, how I rejoice to see you so plagued! Would you believe it, he doats upon that old mother-in-law of ours, as if she was a goddess:—and then her booby-blockhead of a son, too, does just as he pleases.

*Capt. HAR.* For Heaven's sake, how came my father to marry such a strange creature! I think she's as homely a piece of goods as ever I set my eyes upon.

*CHAR.* And what's worse than all, my father is so infatuated, that if you had not come so opportunely, she wou'd have found means to have

have wheedled him out of the greatest part of his fortune, I assure you.

*Capt. HAR.* Impossible ! I can't think that. My father was always doatingly fond of me ; and tho' he might have divided it, he could not be so unnatural as to divest me of every shilling. Yet I should like to have a hearty laugh at that booby, and his mother too ! Don't you think now we cou'd contrive something ? I am sure we cou'd ! Do you then, my dear Charlotte, set that little brain of thine at work ; and if we don't tantalize both of them, and bring this father of ours to a right understanding, I think it is strange.

*CHAR.* Well, I am ready to join in any plot against them, for I owe my Lady a grudge for depriving me of a favorite lover ; therefore I'll set about thinking of something immediately.

*Capt. HAR.* Set about thinking ! Why, I dare say you have a plan in your head already.

*CHAR.* Hum !—— I think I have.—Jonas tells me he has lately fallen in love with some country-girl who lives not far from hence, and who (in his eyes) is the greatest beauty in the world ; but he always complains that she is so very modest, he can't get a civil word from her, —Now if you could persuade him to take you with him some day or other—and pretend to rival him—that will sufficiently mortify him ; and as to my Lady, leave me to plague her ; and if I don't do it effectually, then say I am not a girl of spirit.

*Capt. HAR.* Egad, sister, I think you are,  
—But yonder I see Jonas ! He seems to have  
C recover'd

recover'd his spirits since he left us, therefore this is the best time to work on him; and when I have gain'd my intelligence, I'll come and let you know my success.

CHAR. Well, adieu then! but remember to study a fine speech against you see the girl; for a complimentary flourish from a young officer is as much an essential, as the sound of the trumpet before battle.

Capt. HAR. Oh never fear! Do you think I shall be at a loss for elocution on such an occasion as that?

### A I R.

Whene'er the soldier takes the field,  
Inspir'd by love, by glory prest;  
Well-arm'd with hope, he scorns to yield,  
'Till conquest hails the victor blest.

*(Time changes.)*

The arrows of Cupid, or bullets of war,  
Alike he encounters—no dangers dismay;  
While honor's his shield he can ne'er feel a  
    scar,  
But brings both the fair and the foe to obey.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### S C E N E II.

*Enter Captain HARWIN.*

Capt. HAR. Here he comes! What a creature it is, hopping about like a dog in a doublet! By his dress one would imagine him a doll just sent over from Paris as a sample of the reigning fashion.

*Enter*



*Enter JONAS.*

Ah, brother, I'm glad to see you so good-humoured! I hope you were not offended with me when we parted last! 'Pon honour, I did not mean to affront you.

JONAS. Affronted! Lord love you, not I!—I never bears no malice—always forget and forgive; and between you and I—I find it is best in the end; that is, it answers my purpose best.

Capt. HAR. Aye! how so?

JONAS. Why, because if I was always snarling and quarrelling with every fool that might speak a little queerish to me, I shou'd have stood a chance by this time to have had a small-thrust thro' this little delicate body of mine; or a box or two to discompose my curls; or perhaps a slight ball thro' my heart; and to say the truth, there is too much in that already for my peace.

Capt. HAR. Indeed! what can you possibly have to disconcert you?

JONAS. What! can't you guess?

Capt. HAR. No, really I can't.

JONAS (*whispers in his ear*). Why, I'm in love.

Capt. HAR. The devil you are!

JONAS. Over-head-and-ears; but 'tis a sort of secret between you and I.

Capt. HAR. That you may depend upon; but it is impossible your case can be desperate, for every accomplishment that art and nature can produce you seem to possess.—Oh! 'tis impossible you should be unsuccessful.

JONAS. Yes, really I think so! To be sure, I do look a little like the *Thing*. But, Lord love you, if you was but to see me in my new suit that's just come home, I have been trying them on, you can't think what a smart lad I am! Oh! the most bewitching dog that ever you—She can't be coy long; she must yield to such a delightful beau! Don't you think so?

Capt. HAR. Certainly; there can be no doubt of that. But pray, where does this obdurate goddess live?

JONAS. Live, did you say?

Capt. HAR. Yes.

JONAS. Not far off.

Capt. HAR. And mayn't one get a peep at her? ha, Jonas!

JONAS. A peep at her! Oh, bless you, not for the world. (*Aside*) I think I might venture too—she wou'd certainly prefer me—she must see the difference.

Capt. HAR. Well, what say you? Shall we go now? We have time enough before dinner.

JONAS. What, you want to see her! But you won't tho', my lad—Besides, I can't go now—And then I'm not dress'd well enough—Do you think I wou'd appear before her this figure?—Bless your heart, tho' she is a poor girl, she knows how to behave herself as well as any lady in the land!—And now I think on't, my father is waiting for me.—You'll meet us presently—Good by to you—You'll come, will you?—(*Aside*) Now for my little damsel! He wanted to go, but he was mistaken—Oh! how finely I have trick'd him. [*Exit.*

Capt. HAR. I think, my booby of a brother-in

in-law, I'll be even with you for your cunning in refusing me—I will find her out, if it is only to vex him a little.—Poor simple Jonas, you little think what mischief is brewing for you! So now to set about it, for I am determin'd to follow you. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

*A rural Prospect. On one Side the Stage a Cottage—*LOTHARIA *and* PEGGY *spinning at the Door.*

A I R.

LOTHARIA.

When Spring first teems with balmy bliss,  
To scent the breath of morn,  
And Sol sends forth his rays to kiss  
The dew-drops from the thorn;  
Then zephyrs wild from hill to dale,  
Waft odours sweetly round,  
While Love and Friendship thro' the vale  
By industry are crown'd.

PEGGY. Well, Lotharia, don't you think I have worked hard?

LOTH. Indeed I think you have! Heigho! Bless me, what makes me sigh so!

PEGGY. Oh, Lotharia, has not somebody a share in those sighs? I'll be whipt now if you are not in love.

LOTH. In love! With whom, pray?

PEGGY. Why, with that smart young man, Master Jonas Smirk. Oh dear, how you will be envy'd. What would many a one give for such an offer! But some people have luck, and some have not.

LOTH.



LOTH. Bless me, Peggy, why you can't really think I could like such a creature! No, I assure you, he never will be the better for me.—I shall advise him not to think of coming here again.—No, he is quite another being to what I could be happy with.

PEGGY. Well, Lotharia, you must have your own way.---But I am going into the village. Perhaps I may meet your father. I think he is a long time gone to Sir Toby's.—But, good by—my sweetheart Reuben is waiting for me, and I shall be too late.

A I R.

My lover expects me hard by in the grove,  
Each breeze brings a sigh from my swain;  
The joy of my heart's the dear youth that I  
love,

Young Reuben, the pride of the plain.  
His passion's so pure, that all fear I defy,  
To Peggy he'll never give pain;  
Not the op'ning of morn is so dear to my eye  
As Reuben, the pride of the plain. *[Exit.*

LOTH. Well, Peggy is certainly a most contented girl.—I wish I was like her.—But while this fullen gloom seems to cloud the aged brow of my venerable father, contentment must be a stranger to this breast.—Yet why should not I endeavour to be happy?

A I R.

When Fortune smil'd on us our moments were  
gay,  
Each season with rapture danc'd cheerful away;  
Dear

Dear friendship and love with our days did in-  
crease,  
And the *seat* of my *fire* was the mansion of  
peace.

When Splendor forsook us with all its gay  
train,

We wander'd with Hope chearful over the  
plain ;

*Content* we found here. May her blessings in-  
crease,

And our Cottage, tho' poor, prove the mansion  
of peace !

[*While Lotharia is singing, Capt. Harwin is  
observed listening at the top of the Stage.*

LOTH. I wonder my father is not returned  
from Sir Toby's. I'll walk and meet him, if  
he stays much longer.—(*Goes into the cottage.*)

Capt. Sure that's the little charmer I'm in  
search of—And yet it cannot be her, neither !  
It is impossible she can be form'd for such a  
creature as Jonas.—Yet he talk'd of her being  
very modest, which indeed she seems to be.—  
But soft, the door opens—(*Retiring.*)

*Enter* LOTHARIA.

I'm quite impatient for my father's coming.  
I'll step and meet him. (*Going.*) Oh dear,  
here's that foolish young man, Sir Toby's son,  
coming ! I'll step into the house to avoid him.  
(*Goes in.*)

Capt. Ay, sure enough it is simple Jonas.  
Well, I must allow he has a good choice ; for,  
by Heaven, I never saw such an angel. Ah !  
who comes yonder !—As I live, Welford, my  
father's

father's agent. I'll fly to meet him. Sure this is the luckiest accident. [Exit.]

*Enter JONAS, dressed in a fantastical Manner.*

So here I am! and, if I am not mistaken, dress'd enough to gain the heart of a Duchess, much more a poor little country lass.--To be sure, I don't look very handsome!—And then this leg—to be sure it does not become a silk stocking.—And now, my pretty little dear, I think you must like me.—And then this sword too, how bold it makes me look!—But here she comes—Oh no, it is only the other little cherry-check'd damsel—(*Hums a tune.*)

*Enter PEGGY.*

PEGGY. Bless the father, who have we here! some fine Lord for certain.

JONAS. How do, pretty maid?

PEGGY. Thank your honour.—(*Curtseys.*)

JONAS. Very glad to hear it, pretty maid.—Why, what do you stare so for? Don't you know me?

PEGGY. Know your Honour! Lord, as I live, master Jonas.—Goodness, how handsome you do look!

JONAS. He, he, he! now don't I?—Give me a kiss, you little black-ey'd rogue.—(*Kisses her.*)—How I do love black eyes!—And as second thoughts are best, give me another.—And now I look at you again—rat me, if you a'n't handsomer than Lotharia.

PEGGY. Nay, now I am sure you joke; for every body says Lotharia is the handsomest,  
But



But what of that! Handsome as she is—she does not like you.

JONAS. (*Taking a pocket-glass out, and looking at himself.*) No! Is that possible?

PEGGY. Nay—she says she hates you.

JONAS. Hates me! And have I taken all this trouble, and been at all this expence, for nothing but hate?—Haven't I employ'd the best barber, the best taylor, the best milliner—and a'n't I a beau all on purpose to please her? and won't all do?—Then I'll be reveng'd—she sha'n't rest night nor day.—I'll kill myself—fall on this long sword—(*attempts to draw*)—just like the man in the play;

And every night, behind yon tree,  
She'll see the sprite of poor poor me.

But now I think better, I'll live too.—Don't you think that would be best?

PEGGY. No, I don't indeed. Now pray do kill yourself! You can't think how that would oblige me.

JONAS. Oh you wicked one! What, would you have me commit suicide? But I won't.—I'll get married—and I am sure that will break her heart.

PEGGY. But suppose now you was to see her in these fine clothes—who knows but they may win her?

JONAS. Right enough; so they will.—But there's somebody coming; let's step aside, and talk about it. (*They retire.*)

*Enter Mr. WELFORD and Capt. HARWIN.*

Mr. Wel. Captain Harwin, this is an unexpected pleasure; I can scarce find words to  
D express

express my agreeable sensations.—Pray how long have you been at Harwin Place?

*Capt. HAR.* Arriv'd within these few hours.—Strange alterations since I have been from home!—All bustle and confusion—no regularity, as when my poor mother was alive—All must give place to this new Lady and her son.—Well, perhaps my father will see his folly soon.

*WEL.* It is to be hoped he will.—I own I have many a time grieved at such strange doings—wished hourly for your return—and, thank Heaven, you are come at last!—Your presence will perhaps in some degree give a change to this infatuation. (*Seeing JONAS and PEGGY*) Bless me! who have you here, Peggy?

*Capt. HAR.* Ah, pretty maid! what monkey has escaped from his mistress's dressing-room to raise a laugh amongst us?

*PEG.* Monkey, your Honour! Dear heart, why that is master Smirk.

*JONAS.* Yes, sir, my name is Smirk.—Dear Charles, why don't you know me? I knew you the moment I saw you.

*Capt. HAR.* But indeed it was much harder for me to know you.—In the name of wonder, how came you to make yourself this fright, this laughing-stock?

*JONAS.* Do I look like a fright and a laughing-stock? Why, I am in the height of the Ton, all but my stays, and they'll be sent down next week.

*Capt. HAR.* And pray with what intent?

*JONAS.* To come a suiting.

*Capt. HAR.* A suiting! To whom?

*JONAS.*

JONAS. A young lady in that house.

WEL. My daughter, fir! Then let me tell you—you have mistaken both her and me; for tho' we are poor—we are not to be bought by gaudy show:—nor shou'd my child marry a Prince, did I not think he had a heart worthy such a treasure. I beg, fir, you will think no more of her.

[Exit with PEGGY into the Cottage.]

Capt. HAR. Oh master Jonas, is this the little charmer we have heard you talk so much about? What, you thought to outwit me, did you? But you see I was too cunning for you.—Well, mind I caution you: take care of yourself, for I intend to rival you! I do, upon my honour.

JONAS. You do! that's very conceited of you.—But lord, mun, when you see her you won't like her. I have been humming you all this time—she is the queereft, ugliest slut you ever saw in your life.

Capt. HAR. Indeed! you astonish me!

JONAS. Ay, I suppose I do.—What, now, you thought her clever and handsome, I warrant?

Capt. HAR. I did, indeed.

JONAS. Oh! poor soul! poor soul!—Why, she is as ugly—little squinting grey eyes—skin for all the world like a gypsy—wide mouth—black and white teeth—and such a shape with all!—Mercy defend us from such frightful creatures!

Capt. HAR. But, Jonas, how came you to fall in love with such deformity as you have described?

JONAS. Oh! the fates—the fates decree those things.



things.—But Charles, don't you think *that* a pretty girl that's just gone into the cottage? Oh what a pair of black eyes!—I think you'll like her the best—sha'n't you, now?

*Capt. HAR.* Ha! ha! ha! Do you know now—you'll hardly believe it—but I am such a fool—in spite of the terrible picture you have drawn of the other—to have a particular partiality for her.

*JONAS.* He! he! he! no, no, you do but joke! he! he! he!

*Capt. HAR.* On my honour, I'm serious.

*JONAS.* What, like such a thing as that? he! he! he! it can't be—I like the fun too—he! he! he!

*Capt. HAR.* (*Imitating him*) He! he! he!—and so do I.—Why, do you know I've seen her?—Now, Jonas, are not you ashamed to have endeavour'd to deceive me? I have indeed, and find her as beautiful as an angel; therefore I would advise you to think no more of her.

*JONAS.* I shou'd be very glad to oblige you; but I can't help thinking of her.—It is very hard to be so cross'd in love.—I can't sleep a wink all night—nor rest a bit by day;—and as to heart, I have none, 'tis all burnt up to a cinder with the violent flame of my love.

### A I R.

I am all outward show,  
Which you'll presently know,  
For the duce of a heart have I got;  
I am all gone astray,  
And have quite lost my way,  
Therefore terrible hard is my lot.

My

My love is all folly,  
Oh sad melancholy !  
In bitterest grief I shall die !  
Oh poor Jonas, oh ! oh !  
Heigho, Jonas, heigho !  
Dear heart, oh poor Jonas will die ! [Exit.

*Enter WELFORD from the Cottage.*

*Capt. HAR.* What a strange creature this brother-in-law of mine is ! I have heard him speak much of this young lady, but did not know she was your daughter. I believe she was not with you when I was last in England ?

*WELFORD.* No, sir, she was then with a near relation of mine, who is since dead.

*Capt. HAR.* I thought I did not remember her, but I long to be introduced to her. I hope you will not deny me that pleasure.

*WELFORD.* By no means, Captain, but be proud of the honour. There was a time, but that is now past, when I cou'd have received you better ; but you will, I am sure, excuse us.

*Capt. HAR.* Rather say, I shall be proud to be under the roof with so worthy a man. Believe me, in my opinion, riches are merely superfluous to some sort of men ; for if their minds and hearts are like thine, rich in contentment, what more can they possibly want or wish for ?

A I R.

The mind of him whose love is pure,  
No danger has to dread ;  
He sleeps in peace, he wakes secure,  
For sorrows all are fled.

An

An honest heart is richer far  
 Than mines of brilliant ore ;  
 And such is thine ! Then drive despair  
 For ever from your door.

*[Exeunt into the Cottage.]*

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sir TOBY and LADY.*

*Sir TOBY.* I tell you, my Lady, it will not do ; I'll be dup'd no longer. You will absolutely make such a fool of this boy, that both him and us will be a subject for the newspapers.—And is he not wasting my money in a most shameful manner ? And to please him, forsooth, you want to buy him a commission ! For what ? Only because he thinks regimentals wou'd become him.—He a soldier ! Why, Margery the cook wou'd make as good a one. I dare say if you were to put a gun into his hand, he wou'd not know which end to clap to his shoulder ! and as to letting it off, damn me if I don't think he'd fall as dead as a herring at the bare report. But I'll have none on't—he shall be brought to a sense of his duty.—I wonder, Bridget, you can be such a fool.—Now only compare him to his brother ; which looks most like a British warrior ? Does not Charles look as if he cou'd rush forth and lay his enemies before him like a parcel of old cabbage-stumps ? and be in time of peace a friend to the afflicted and unhappy ?—But if again rous'd to glory, he'll prove himself a friend to his country, and an honour to his royal master.

*Lady HAR.* I hope you have by this time given  
 a full



a full detail of his merits.—And my poor boy is to be neglected and despised! Do you suppose I wou'd ever have married you, but that I thought you wou'd have been a father to my child, the darling of my heart? Haven't I refused the best offers in the land for you?

*Sir TOBY.* Why, I suppose you know that best.

*Lady HAR.* You provoking lump of antiquity! I was a fool to think of such a creature. Oh! I wish I had never seen you!

*Sir TOBY.* Why as to that, Bridget, I am sure the loss wou'd not have been on my side. But pray, why did you marry such a lump of antiquity as you are pleas'd to call me?

*Lady HAR.* Why, you little black ugly Thing you, I never did marry you.

*Sir TOBY.* No! make that appear, and I'll love you more than ever.

*Lady HAR.* Well, then, I did not marry you, I married something much better; your money 'twas that I wanted.

*Sir TOBY.* Indeed!—But since that is decreasing very fast, I hope we shall soon separate.

*Lady HAR.* I wish that happy day was come—I think you wou'd repent before a week was pass'd.—But as you chuse to be in these ill humours, I shall leave you to yourself—I'm sure you are fit company for no one else. [*Exit.*]

*Sir TOBY.* Well, then, take yourself off.—What plague there is with these wives always a wrangling!

A I R.

The duce take all wives,  
They're the plague of our lives,

For

For ever a squabbling and wrangling,  
 Like bells in a steeple !  
 Lord help the poor people  
 Who 're oblig'd to bear the damn'd jangling !  
 I must marry, forsooth !  
 Yet I was rather loth ;  
 But old Bid did so wheedle and coax,  
 In the snare I was caught,  
 And the bargain I bought,  
 For in wedlock all's true and no joke.

[*Exit.*

### S C E N E V.

*Captain HARWIN discovered.*

What a miserable dog I am, just on my return to England to fall in love ! and that with such an humble goddess, that I can never think of making her my wife. 'Sdeath, if I had not been so anxious to make a fool of Jonas, I shou'd not so soon have been made one myself. How shall I make my folly known to my sister ! She will certainly laugh at me, she is such a wild giddy girl. 'Sdeath, here she comes—how shall I resolve ?

*Enter CHARLOTTE.*

CHAR. Well, Charles, have you gain'd a sight of her ?

CHARLES. Yes.

CHARLOTTE. Yes ! Come, come, tell me all about it : you can't think how I long to know.—What sort of a creature is she ? Come, describe her.

*Capt. HAR.* You have set me a task, which of all others is the hardest.

CHAR.

CHARLOTTE. What ! is she so very awkward and foolish then ?

Capt. HAR. No, my dear sister, neither awkward nor foolish, but the direct contrary to either.—She is the most charming girl in the world.—Oh, Charlotte, had you but seen her as she sat spinning at the cottage-door, and tun'd her voice in songs so heavenly sweet—you wou'd have felt each note she sung most forcibly. (*During the last part of this speech CHARLOTTE can scarcely refrain from laughing*).

CHAR. Ha ! ha ! ha ! spare me, my good brother—Ha ! ha ! ha ! I shall certainly die with laughing. In love ! absolutely in love !—Captain Harwin in love with a cottager ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

Capt. HAR. Look ye, sister, you may call the propriety of my love in question ; but believe me, I am one of those who have ever despised the common prejudices of mankind, particularly in the affairs of love.—A fine person—a graceful carriage—and an amiable disposition, are all the titles or wealth I should look for in a woman.—Lotharia seems to possess all those advantages ; and to them are added a delicacy of sentiment infinitely above her condition. You must confess with me, that so many charms ought to compensate for the want of other qualifications, which the injustice of fortune has deprived her of.

CHAR. Nay, nay, my good brother, why so serious ?—I only meant it in joke—I cou'dn't help laughing at the moment.—But to shew you I highly approve your sentiments, and am sorry I

E

have



have offended you—I am ready to lend you all the assistance in my power.

*Capt. HAR.* My dear sister, this is a sufficient reparation; but what is to be done? I have not yet told her that I love her.

*CHAR.* Well then, set about it straight—the sooner the better, I can tell you.

*Capt. HAR.* Then suppose I go back again directly?

*CHAR.* Ay, do so; I am as impatient as you can possibly be.

*Capt. HAR.* Well, then, adieu! and Heaven send I may be successful!

### A I R.

Ye Powers, with her my wishes blest,  
Where all perfections seem combin'd;  
For if her face her heart expresses,  
Worth, love, and virtue, form her mind.

The violet sweet that scents the air,  
Nor lilly opening to the view,  
Nor blushing rose, nor jasmine fair,  
Are half so sweet, dear maid, as you.

[*Exit.*

*CHAR.* So, so! you are fairly caught, I see, over-head-and-ears. What's more, you seem in a fair way to continue so.—Let me see, it's Jonas's mistress he is in love with.—I heartily wish I could have a little sport with them; and I think I could contrive——

*Enter*

*Enter Sir TOBY.*

*Sir TOBY.* What, my dear? to plague me?

*CHAR.* Not you, papa, but somebody in this house, tho'.

*Sir TOBY.* Ay! pray tell me who it is. I shall like vastly to take a share in the joke.

*CHAR.* Why, my brother Charles.

*Sir TOBY.* Charles!—What has he done to deserve it?

*CHAR.* Fall'n in love.

*Sir TOBY.* Oh, then plague him by all means, if you can. But the matter is, how are you to set about it?

*CHAR.* Let me alone, I'll warrant I'll do it.

*Sir TOBY.* Ay! but how?

*CHAR.* Why, rival him.

*Sir TOBY.* Rival him, girl! how will you do that?

*CHAR.* Oh, nothing more easy.—Let me see—hum—Yes, that will do—an Officer shall be the thing.

*Sir TOBY.* An Officer! Take care, girl, you do not disgrace the cloth.

*CHAR.* Never fear, Sir; I trust I shall, when dress'd, look as bold as any of them; ay, and what's more, *act* as bold too: for it will give me courage in the attempt to look round and see so many who are more fit to wear the petticoat than myself.

*Sir TOBY.* Well, take care you don't carry the joke too far; for if you should incense him, he may perhaps draw his sword, and then—

CHAR. Well, fir, and what then? Don't you think I can draw mine?

Sir TOBY. And do you mean to have a sword too?

CHAR. Ay, fir, undoubtedly.

Sir TOBY. Well, do as you think proper. But there's one thing I don't think you have thought of: How are you sure Charles won't know your voice?

CHAR. Right, my dear papa! I had forgot that. How can I manage? Oh, I have it. Invention seldom fails me at a pinch. Suppose I was to make him a Scotch Captain: I think I could speak the dialect well enough to deceive him, or I made but little use of my time the three years I was with my uncle in the Shire of Ross.

Sir TOBY. Well, I think you will not be able to deceive him.

CHAR. But I shall, tho'; and I believe I could deceive you too, with all your sagacity.

Sir TOBY. No, no, not me, neither, Charlotte.

CHAR. But I'll try, tho', and that when you least expect it. (*Aside.*)—But you must promise to be secret.

Sir TOBY. Yes, upon my honour.—But do as you please, I am sure you cannot deceive me.

CHAR. Well, I must not think of standing to dispute the matter with you now. I am so impatient to equip myself for this Scotch Captain, that it gives me an unusual flow of spirits,

[*Exit.*

Sir



*Sir TOBY.* This girl is the strangest mad harumscarum creature that ever liv'd.—I don't half like this, neither; for if any mischief should come on't, what shall I do! I wish I had not been privy to it.—But then she might have deceiv'd me, tho'; so of the two, I had rather be in the plot to make a fool, than be out on't to be made one myself, [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE *draws up, and discovers a View of the Village at a little Distance.—The Cottage in sight.—On one Side the Stage a Stile, REUBEN standing as if just got over—PEGGY getting over—They come forward.*

REUBEN. **W**ELL, Peggy, I'm afraid we have been a long time coming—we shall soon be at the cottage now, tho'! Ah, I wish we lived nearer each other, then I shou'd see you oftener, Peggy.

PEGGY. Well, then, why don't you come nearer? You might, if you wou'd.

REUBEN. What! and leave poor old grandmother to shift for herself? No, hang it, I can't do that neither, tho' I love you as dear as I love my own life. Consider, Peggy, she's the only parent I ever knew, and gratitude forbids my deserting her in her old age.

PEGGY. Why, to be sure, Reuben, she is a very good old woman, and of main service in the village; there is not a heart but will heave a sigh when she dies; I'm sure I shall cry a whole day.

REUBEN.

REUBEN. Well, don't talk about it, 'twill come time enough, I warrant.—But as I was saying as we came along the mead—when shall we be——

PEGGY. What, Reuben?

REUBEN. Now must I speak it—can't you guess—Married, lass?

PEGGY. Married, Reuben!—Lord, how can I tell! You know my father will not consent—he does not like me to speak to you.

REUBEN. Now is not that very hard? I wonder what reason he can have for it.—I'm sure I loves you; and will make you as good a husband as ever man made. Tho' I ben't very rich—I think I be honest—and in my opinion that is the better thing of the two. You might get many a lad who wou'd promise more than I; but what of that? will they perform?—But I think, Peggy, now, notwithstanding this, if I was to go and speak to him—

PEGGY. Oh goodness, Reuben, no, you must not indeed; I know he wou'd not consent.—Besides, he is not all—there's your old grandmother.

REUBEN. She! Oh poor soul, she'll do any thing I ask her.—But now suppose I was to go to Sir Toby's, and get him to speak a good word for us to your father; I think he wou'd not refuse him, as he has been his tenant so many years.

PEGGY. Yes, do, Reuben.

REUBEN. And in case grandmother shou'd say any thing, get him to speak to her. I know she will be at Sir Toby's to pay her rent, it being Quarter-Day.

PEGGY.



PEGGY. Dear Reuben, what a lucky thought!

REUBEN. Ay, but if I do now—tell me! when shall it be?

PEGGY. Lord, Reuben! just as soon as you please.

REUBEN. Say you so, my lass? then ecod it sha'n't be long. Oh, I am so happy!—Give me a kiss as a proof you are in earnest. [*Kisses her.*]

PEGGY. Ay, that I am, Reuben.

### D U E T T O.

PEGGY.

My heart is your's, my hand is free,  
You're welcome both to it and me;  
Get friends consent—let them approve,  
Then Reuben I will dearly love.

REUBEN.

My lovely Peggy, we'll strait away,  
And ask our friends to fix the day;  
Then when we're wed, no cares we'll know,  
You'll tend the cot and I the plough.

PEGGY.

My heart's so true it ne'er can stray.

REUBEN.

I'll love and cherish——

PEGGY.

——I'll obey.

TOGETHER.

Then here we plight our love with joy,  
Which time nor chance shall e'er annoy.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Sir TOBY.*

*Sir TOBY.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, the girl has done it admirably! She's perfect mistress of the language, and acts so well, that, damme, if I had not been in the secret, I should have sworn she was the very person she represents.—Oh how cleverly we have done it! And how rakish the little hussy looks!—she will have some of the lasses hearts, I warrant. I observ'd at dinner, that even old Bridget could not help casting a sly look at her now and then.—And Jonas, (zounds) how he did stare! and kept ev'ry now and then jogging my elbow to know what he said.—Ha! ha! ha! faith, 'tis very clever.—They were all very much surprised that Charlotte shou'd go into the country the very day her brother came home.—Poor fools, they little think she was so near them!—But here comes Charles—Ha! ha! ha! how strange he wou'd look if I was to tell him—ha! ha! ha!

*Enter Captain HARWIN.*

*Capt. HAR.* I am glad to find you so merry, fir.

*Sir TOBY.* I thank you, boy.—In the name of wonder, where have you been? I have been half over my fields to seek you. Sure you have not got a sweetheart among our country lasses? There are some very pretty ones, I assure you.

F

*Capt.*

*Capt. HAR.* Faith, Sir, I believe you have hit it.

*Sir TOBY.* Ah, I thought so! I am generally right in those matters.—But where have you left your cousin? How's this? I thought you wou'd have been inseparable. I am sure he is a fine sensible lad—and but for that damn'd Scotch brogue, I think he is as good a companion as any gentleman need have. And then he is such a favourite with the ladies!—Do you know I intend him for a son-in-law?—I think Charlotte will like him vastly;—but the worst on't is, I don't think she will be able to understand him—faith I can't.—How do you manage, Charles?

*Capt. HAR.* Oh, sir, very well. He is a fine youth, to be sure;—but I think he is very self-conceited.

*Sir TOBY.* Why, yes! he is rather so.—But you must consider he is very young; and then his father has spoiled him, being the only child: you must think of these things, Charles.

*Capt. HAR.* True, sir. But pray how long does he intend staying in England?

*Sir TOBY.* Faith I can't tell; a month or two, perhaps;—for he means to take a particular view of the country.

*Capt. HAR.* (*Aside.*) A month or two—I wish it had been only a day or two.—Who knows but he may, in taking a ramble round our fields, stray near the cottage;—and shou'd he behold my Lotharia—I cannot bear the thought.—Pray, sir, is he in the house now?

*Sir*



*Sir TOBY.* No ; I believe he is gone for a walk round the fields :—shall we go and seek him ?

*Capt. HAR.* I thank you, sir ; but I have particular business at this moment.—I will attend him presently, and be proud to render him all the service in my power.

*Sir TOBY.* I wou'd have you, Charles, for the sake of his father.—I assure you, he is as worthy an old fellow as ever you convers'd with.—I like him vastly—I do indeed ;—and therefore beg you will shew him all the attention in your power.—Well, I'll take a walk and see if I can find him :—you'll meet us in the fields. [Exit.

*Capt. HAR.* 'Sdeath, what a fool am I, to be jealous of this beardless boy !—Yet, in spite of all my reasoning to the contrary, I feel myself more and more inclin'd to be so.—There is something so insinuating in his manner—and then his address is so engaging, so calculated to gain the favour of the fair sex, that I tremble with apprehension lest he shou'd behold my *Lotharia*, my only love.—She is innocence itself, and may be easily deceived by his specious attention.—I'll seek her this instant :—and should he attempt any thing injurious to my love,---he shall answer the presumption.

[Exit.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Mr. WELFORD and LOTHARIA (from the Cottage).*

WEL. Well, Lotharia, I am going to Sir Toby's.—I shall soon return.—But if Captain Harwin should come in my absence, do not, my dear child, suffer yourself to be led away by vain promises; and if he shou'd wish to make any proposals, tell him you must leave all to me.—I think, my Lotharia, you need not fear my consulting your good in every thing.—But why need I caution you? Your innocence and virtue will be sufficient guards; therefore farewell! You need only remember your tender, doating father's happiness is at stake.

*[Exit.*

LOTH. You need not doubt me, sir: I will leave all to you; for I am convinc'd you will not oppose any generous offer that Captain Harwin may make; and surely he can make none to my dishonour. I feel he has awaken'd sentiments in my bosom which till now I was a stranger to.—Sure, when he talks of love, the gentlest accents glide from his lips!—sweeter than softest strains from shepherds' pipes.—I feel he has my heart, and holds it so fast that I ne'er shall get it back again.—How sweet and heavenly is the evening!—The sun has lost the scorching heat of noon, and languishes for rest.

## A I R.

The songsters of the grove are bush'd,  
 With all their young in nest :  
 The lark its little throat has hush'd,  
 And dropt in gentle rest.

The sun declining paints the hills  
 With beauteous golden hue ;  
 And leaves each cowslip near the rills  
 Bespangled o'er with dew.

The village ploughboys homeward bend,  
 Whistling they trudge along ;  
 Hoping the toils of day to end  
 At evening with a song.

[Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

*The Field with the Stile.*

*Enter* LOTHARIA, *followed by* CHARLOTTE, *in*  
*Boy's Cloaths.*

CHAR. Stay, stay, my charming girl ! how  
 can ye be sa' cruel ?—By the honour of a North  
 Breeton, I wish ye nae harm. Why will ye nae  
 hear me ?—Nay, ye shall.

LOTH. Indeed, sir, I dare not.—Some of  
 our neighbours may see you, and they are too  
 apt to catch at any thing, which they think can  
 injure the reputation of a poor girl who has no-  
 thing but that to depend upon.

CHAR. Come, come, never mind them.—  
 Nay,



Nay, ye shall stay.—I am a friend of Captain Harwin's.—I am sure ye winna think the worse o' me for that.

LOTH. Sir, any friend of my father's benefactor must always be consider'd by me with the greatest respect. But I suppose, sir, you want my father?—I believe he is now at Sir Toby's.

CHAR. Hoot awa, lassie, I dinna want him! —I want to have a little chat wi' ye, gin ye wull let me. (*Looking up the Stage, as if by accident, sees the Captain.*) (*Aside.*) As I live, yonder's Charles!—Now for it.

LOTH. Some other time, sir.

CHAR. Here's na time sa fit as the present.

LOTH. But, sir, I must go; I dare not stay. (*Aside*) I tremble lest any unlucky accident shou'd bring Captain Harwin this way.—What shall I do?

Capt. HAR. (*from the top of the Stage*). Ha! what's this I see!

CHAR. But ye must stay, my charming angel.—I am transported wi' ye!—If aw English ladies are so handsome as ye, by Heeven, I wull live and die here! —Ye wou'd na leave me thus distress'd! —Here I vow myself yere slave. [*Kneels.*]

Capt. HAR. Ha! By Heaven, I can scarce contain myself!—See how he kisses her hand! —Would I could hear her reply!

CHAR. Consider, child, am I not the friend of Captain Harwin?—I assure ye I shall report yere unkind behaviour to him.—Come, come, ye dinna mean to be cruel;—nay, I am sure ye canna;—tis na in your nature.

LOTH. Sir, be assured your friendship with  
Captain

Captain Harwin seals my lips—and words are deny'd utterance—else I cou'd tell you how ver'y unhappy your importunities make me.

CHAR. Nay, dinna be angry!—Come, be friends; let a kifs seal it. [*Offers to kifs her.*]

Capt. HAR. (*coming down.*) I can hold no longer.—Oh unkind Lotharia!—cou'd I have believed this of you!—As to you, fir, you have injured me more than I thought you capable of.—But—

CHAR. Ha! ha! ha!—By my faul, I can see nae injury at a'.—Have not I as mickle right to love a pretty girl as yere fel?

Capt. HAR. But let me tell you, fir, you have injur'd my fondest love.—I cannot bear it, and demand instant satisfaction.

CHAR. Oh gin ye are for that sport, ye shall see I can be as bauld as ye, and fight as weel.—Ecod a North Breeton never flinch'd his ground;—nor do I fear gi'eing ye or ony mon satisfaction.

Capt. HAR. Then, fir, defend yourself.

CHAR. Never fear!—Ye ne'er saw a coward yet that came fra the Land of Cakes.

[*They fight, LOTHARIA faints.*]

Enter Sir TOBY—(*who catches her in his arms*).

Sir TOBY. Hey-dey! What are you at?—Hold, I command you!—Do you see what mischief you have done here?—Come, put up your steels, and help me to recover this poor girl.

Capt. HAR. My life! my Lotharia!

Sir TOBY. Ay, fine doings—! think I came just in time, friend Donald.—What have you been quarrelling about? how came it?—You were good friends within this hour!

CHAR.

CHAR. Very true, fir—but yere hot-headed son must quarrel wi' me because I had taken a mickle fancy to that bonny lassie—therefore he challeng'd me—and ye know, Sir Toby, a Scotch-man munna be bid twice.

Sir TOBY. (*aside*) Zounds, what's the matter?—how I tremble!—I thought some ill luck wou'd come of this frolic—and there wou'd have been bloodshed if I had not come in as I did.—Why, Charles, what have you done here? I find 'tis you have been to blame.—Come, be friends with your cousin. I dare lay my life he did not mean to offend you.

Capt. HAR. Sir, as it is my father's request, we'll drop the affair for the present.

CHAR. With a' my heart, fir.—But, madam, what apology can I possibly mak' to ye?—Yet I think ye will pardon me. Gin I can read yere eyne, they look full of tenderness and forgiveness.—I sincerely beg yere pardon; and depend upon it, madam, ye shall a'ways find me ane of the first to render ye ony service ye may think proper to command. [*Exit.*]

Sir TOBY. (*aside*) What a clever lass it is!—Why, Charles, how came all this about?—I want to have it fully explain'd.

Capt. HAR. Some other time, fir;—at present I must intreat your assistance to reconcile me to my belov'd Lotharia.

Sir TOBY. Ah, Charles, I thought it was some love affair;—but I must pardon you, for I was just such another at your age.

Capt. HAR. Lovely Lotharia, why are you thus unkind?—Oh, fir, speak for me.

Sir TOBY. Come, come, my pretty one, I  
am



am sure you will forgive him.—Now tell me honestly, Can you love a soldier?—There, Charles, your business is settled; that blush confirms it.

*Capt. HAR.* Am I so happy, my Lotharia?—Oh, let me pour forth the sentiments of a true and faithful heart—sentiments with which you first inspir'd me!—Nor is it possible they can ever change:—no, my much-lov'd charming maid, while I have life you shall ever find me the most constant of men.

## A I R.

From you the fairest, sweetest flower,  
 What sense cou'd ever stray?  
 More lovely than the blushing hour  
 That paints the cheek of day.  
 Sure, forming thee, each Love and Grace  
 To captivate combin'd;  
 And sent to earth with Beauty's face  
 Minerva's matchless mind.

*Sir TOBY.* Come, my girl, settle the matter at once.—If you will have him, I'll answer for it he'll make you a good husband:—so speak; and if you will, we'll step home, call all parties together, and have the business settled at once.

*LOTH.* Oh, sir, consider we are but humble cottagers—and you—

*Capt. HAR.* Oh, name it not! 'Tis true, you have not rank or title—but in lieu of that you have beauty and virtue, which, in my opinion, far excels them.

*LOTH.* You are too kind, sir—indeed I must not look so high.

G

A I R.

## A I R.

We are but humble villagers,  
 Our cottage we but rent;  
 And tho' our flocks and herds are few,  
 With those we find content.  
 We have no friends, no neighbours dear,  
 They all are dead and gone,  
 Save your good fire, whose generous care  
 Has twin'd them all in one.

*Capt. HAR.* Oh, fir, how I adore you for this kindness!

*Sir TOBY.* Adore me! no, faith, you have enough to adore there.—But come, let's away.—Zooks, I am so happy I cou'd hug thee, Charles, to think thou hast been able to distinguish merit, tho' veil'd in poverty!—Come, come along, and we'll have as merry a wedding as good-humour and the best wine in the country can make us. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter LADY, JONAS, and REUBEN.*

*LADY.* What did you say, young man? that you wanted Sir Toby?

*REUB.* Yes, an' your ladyship pleases.

*LADY.* But what is your business with him, friend?

*JONAS.* Ay, my lad, what do you want with my father?

*REUB.*

REUB. Is Sir Toby Harwin your father, sir?

JONAS. Yes, sir! he is my father, sir!

REUB. (*aside*) Lord, who would have thought so!—Mercy, what has he gotten under his chin?—and what can he hold that fine clout under his nose for?

LADY. Well, young man, but I must know what your business is with Sir Toby?

REUB. Why, an' please your ladyship, I had a favour to ask, if so be as how he wou'd be so kind.

JONAS. Lord, mother, how can you stand talking to this booby so long? Oh! here comes father and cousin!—Do but look, mother, how he struts and capers!—'Pon honour, I wish he did not talk so outlandishly that a body can't understand what he says.—Do, mother, lend him my English grammar, 'tis as good as new; for you know I did not dirty it much with over-study—you can't think what service it will do him.

LADY. Dear child, how you talk!—Oh, here comes Sir Toby! (*to REUBEN.*)

*Enter Sir TOBY and CHARLOTTE.*

Sir TOBY. (*speaking as he enters*) Faith, 'twas very well manag'd! 'Tis well we came off as we did. Oh, are you here, Bridget?—What, and Jonas too?

JONAS. Yes, father, I am here.

Sir TOBY. Ah, what, honest Reuben!—Faith, I'm glad to see you.

REUB. Thank your Honour.—I come to ask your Honour a favour, an' your Honour pleases.



*Sir TOBY.* Speak out, Reuben; what is it?

*REUB.* Why, so be as how your Honour has no objection—Peggy Cowfell, at neighbour Welford's, is my sweetheart.

*Sir TOBY.* Well, Reuben, I assure you I have no objection to that.

*REUB.* Now, if your Honour wou'd be so kind as to speak a good word to Farmer Cowfell for us, your Honour——

*Sir TOBY.* Yes, that I will, Reuben, and if it should be necessary, multiply it to two or three.

*REUB.* Thank your Honour.—But if your Honour pleases, I have something else to ask.

*Sir TOBY.* Well, what is it? I am in a humour to grant any thing to-day.

*REUB.* If your Honour will be so kind as to speak to Grandmother.

*Sir TOBY.* Send her to me, and I'll speak to her, I'll warrant!—And do you hear, Reuben? Lotharia is going to be married, so you may be all tack'd together at the same time.

*REUB.* Thank your Honour.

*Sir TOBY.* And stay, Reuben.—Remember you are to keep the wedding here.

*REUB.* Yes, and thank your Honour.—Dear heart, how glad your Honour has made me!—Thank your Honour.

[*Exit.*

*JONAS.* Lord, father! what have you been saying to that clown, you have made him so glad and merry?

*Sir TOBY.* What would have made you merry too, if you were in his situation.

*JONAS.* Lord, what is it?

*Sir*

*Sir TOBY.* Told him he might marry the girl of his heart, if he deserved her.

*JONAS.* Yes, that wou'd make me happy indeed !

*Sir TOBY.* Faith, Jonas, I think you might find better employment than running after the girls.

*JONAS.* Lord, father, what can be better ?

## A I R.

The ladies are angelic creatures,  
With their sweet bewitching features !

Our hearts they steal,

Then love we feel :

Tormented night and day,

They do so tease you,

Perplex and please you,

Till you're wasted all away.

Oh for a while

They sweetly smile ;

They strive to please,

Then vex and tease ;

You sue in vain,

Then next complain ;

So on you go,

Till tir'd you grow,

And then begin again.

*CHAR.* I think, cousin, might I advise, gin ye wish to ingratiate yoursel into the good opinion o' the ladies, dinna you think a fierce cockade and regimentals wou'd be a great addition to your person ? And let me tell ye, there canna be

be a greater recommendation to the fair sex than to address them *à la-militaire*.

JONAS. Ah, that's some of his damn'd Scotch, I suppose! But 'tis no matter what gibberish he talks! He's a Captain, and that will make him understood by the ladies.---How I wish father would let me be a Captain, they are so genteel!---then I'd go to France to learn Scotch, Irish, and Dutch, and all those polite languages.---Cousin, will you try if you can prevail on father to buy me a commission?

CHAR. Wi' aw' my heart.---Sir Toby, I want to persuade you to buy a commission for yere son.

Sir TOBY. A commission for Jonas!

CHAR. Yes, I ha' some thoughts of resigning mine: What think ye of purchasing it?

JONAS. Ay, do, father; you can't think how I shou'd like to be call'd *Captain* Jonas Smirk.---Oh dear! what a fine grand long name!---And who knows but one day or other I might be a General?---

Sir TOBY. Yes, when you have fought a battle or two to bring your hand in, you---

JONAS. Fought a battle or two!---What!---what, can't I be a General if I don't fight?---Zounds! I won't fight: I am the best-natur'd fellow in the world: I have no malice at heart to any one, not I.

CHAR. But, cousin, gin ye winna fight, why do ye carry a sword?

JONAS. By such a question, one may swear you haven't been long in England (*whispers* CHARLOTTE). Why, mun, it won't draw.

CHAR.



CHAR. Nae draw!--What!--d'ye carry a sword that winna draw, and want to be a General! Oh, fie, fie!--Why, yere a mere will-o'-the-wisp--or a glow-worm in the dark to deceive the unwary--aw' outside!--View ye at a distance, and ye appear aw' fire;--but examine ye close, and ye prove a cauld insect, without the least spark in your whole composition.

JONAS. But, cousin, now, I assure you, I a'n't such a coward as you take me for.--I have fought once--

Sir TOBY. Right, Jonas, ha, ha, ha!--I remember it.

CHAR. Pray, wha was your antagonist?

Sir TOBY. Oh, a mortal enemy, I assure you! no less a combatant than our great turkey-cock.--Ha, ha, ha! You may well remember he got the day.--Ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

CHAR. Ha, ha! De'el tack me, ye ha' settled the business at once. Ye shanna be a Captain: I think it will be the best way to keep my commission mysel;---and in case o' war, his Majesty wou'd find more benefit from a regiment of such proper fellows as me, than he wou'd fra twa whose hearts were nae braver than yere's.

Sir TOBY. Well, we'll talk this matter over some other time.--I want now to speak to you all together.--Do you know, we are going to have a wedding?

Lady HAR. A wedding!

Sir TOBY. Ay, as sure as you're alive.

JONAS. But who are the parties, father? I hope you a'n't a-going to marry me without my consent?

Sir

*Sir TOBY.* No, faith, not I.

*CHAR.* Now for it. (*Aside.*) But, my dear Sir Toby, who is it, pray?

*Sir TOBY.* A very worthy couple, I assure you-- my son Charles and—

*Lady HAR.* And Lady Fly-away, the great heiress that lives not far off, I hope.---Ah, I thought it would be a match, they were always so fond.

*Sir TOBY.* (*Aside.*) Ah, see how you may be deceived, Bridget! But an hour will perhaps explain to you who it is.---Well, you need be under no apprehensions: Charles has made a noble choice.---Oh, how I love him for his discernment! ---Yet, perhaps, some may censure;---and if they do, it will be only those who envy her good fortune in gaining the affections of as worthy and honest a lad as ever merited the warmest approbation of a fond and doating father.

*Lady HAR.* Ay, ay, it certainly must be Lady Fly-away.---What an honour to our family! and such a fortune, too!---Well, Charles is certainly very lucky.---I wish she had fix'd upon you, Jonas.---But it is better that it shou'd be Charles, than that her title and fortune shou'd go out of the family. But go, my dear child, dress yourself with all imaginable taste.

*JONAS.* Lord, mother, a'n't I tasty enough already? I am sure I sha'n't trouble myself to dress again.

*Lady HAR.* Well, don't stand musing, there's no time to be lost.---How unlucky Charlotte should be from home!---I must send for her; she'll be delighted at this wedding.

*JONAS.*

JONAS. Yes, do, mother, send for sister Charlotte---because perhaps she'll bring some fine ladies home with her ; then I shall have somebody to dance with (*cuts capers*). And, mother; be sure you let us have plenty of fiddles:---I hate to dance to one---it makes such a squeaking---just for all the world like a departing pig:---let's have a good many ; I would not give a pin for them unless they make a good loud noise.

CHAR. Yes, my lady, pray send for Charlotte, for I intend dancing wi' her mysel (*does a few steps of a Scotch reel*). I think she wull be doatingly fond of a Scotch reel.---I dinna doubt but we shall be excellent companions.

JONAS. Faith will you ; she is just such a mad-brain'd thing as you are. I shall like her the better for't. But, come, I am aw' impatience to be footing it aboot.---Why, Jonas, dinna the thoughts of a wedding gi' ye fresher spirits, my lad ?

JONAS. Oh, yes, I have always fine spirits at a wedding ;---but, ecod, that is because I am not tied in the noose, therefore have none of the pains to feel.---So come along.

[*Exeunt dancing.*]

H

SCENE



## S C E N E VI.

*Enter Sir TOBY (with a Number of Country Lads and Lasses.)*

Sir TOBY. Come along, my lads and lasses ;  
if your hearts are merry, drink to keep them  
so—fife and play, dance and sing---tol-de-rol,  
tol-de-rol---Oh how happy am I !

## A I R.

I cou'd foot it, dance or sing,  
Jump, skip, or any thing ;  
    Frisk and play  
    All the day,  
Forgetting that I'm old.  
    Old, did I say ?  
    Oh ! lack-a-day !  
I'm young yet, and quite bold,  
    With jollity  
    I'll merry be ;  
Age ne'er can do me harm ;  
Mirth keeps my heart still warm.

Why, Bridget ! Jonas ! where are you all ?---  
Why don't you get the things ready ? Here's all  
the fine folks coming, and nothing for them to  
eat and drink.---Here, John !

*Enter JOHN.*

JOHN. Yes, your Honour.

Sir TOBY. Be sure, John, you let me have  
the best wine my cellar affords, and plenty  
of it.

JOHN.

JOHN. Yes, your Honour, I'll take care of that. *[Exit.*

Sir TOBY. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think how they will stare!-- Oh! how I love a joke!--But they are a long time coming.---I am so impatient and so happy---and so comical---and so---and so---Zounds! I don't know what I am.---Oh! here they come at last, hand in hand---aye---and I warrant as impatient as myself.---Come, my dear children!

*Enter Captain HARWIN and LOTHARIA.*

*(They kneel.) After them Mr. WELFORD.*

Sir TOBY. Oh, what! my blessing? There, take it---Bless you both together! *(raises them)* Now, honest Welford, we are likely to be nearer than ever;---and yet I don't know, we were always friends; and can there be any ties in nature stronger than those of true and unfeigned friendship?

WELFORD. Oh, sir, my heart o'erruns with gratitude! I cannot speak.

Sir TOBY. I'm glad on't---I hate all manner of compliments.

Capt. HAR. This generosity from the best of fathers binds me your son more than ever.

*Enter JONAS (peeping).*

JONAS. Dear heart, they're come! Now must I put on some of my very best manners.---My heart fails me.---I don't think I shall have face enough to speak to her ladyship.

Sir TOBY *(seeing him)*. Oh! Jonas, are you come to salute the bride?

JONAS. Ye-ye-ye-yes, father (*stammering*). Madam---my lady---(*aside*) I never felt myself so dash'd in all my life---May I beg the favour, madam, of---(*looking up sees* LOTHARIA)---What do I see! My old flame, as I live!—Why, Charles, where's my Lady Fly-away?

Capt. HAR. Lady Fly-away!—Really I can't inform you.

JONAS. Can't inform me! Why, a'n't you going to be married to her?

Capt. HAR. Faith, not I.

JONAS. No! Why, a'n't we to have a wedding at all?

Sir TOBY. Yes, I hope so.

JONAS. But, father, who is Charles going to marry then?

Sir TOBY. This lady, fir.

JONAS. That lady!—Oh! he is!—Now hang me if that isn't too bad. But here comes mother; see what she'll say to all this.

*Enter Lady BRIDGET.*

Sir TOBY. Why, Bridget, where have you been all this time?

Lady HAR. Bridget—indeed! I wish you would learn to pay a little more respect before strangers.—I beg ten thousand pardons for not being at home when your ladyship was introduced; but a disagreeable circumstance prevented—(*looking at* LOTHARIA) Hey-dey! am I to meet with nothing but disagreeable circumstances?—Where's my Lady Fly-away?

Sir TOBY. Really, Bridget, I can't tell.

Lady HAR. Why, was not she to have been here?

*Sir*



*Sir TOBY.* No; this is the lady.

*Capt. HAR.* Madam, give me leave to introduce this lady as my intended wife—and I'm sure you cannot wish to see a more amiable person.—My father has already made us happy by his blessing; suffer me then to intreat yours.

*Lady HAR.* My blessing truly! No, sir, though your father has been so ridiculous, you shall find I'm not so easily to be fool'd---depend upon't, I never will consent---What! to bring a beggar into my family?

*Capt. HAR.* Pardon me, madam, you're enriching it.

*Lady HAR.* How can you make that appear? With what?

*Capt. HAR.* With every virtue (*clasping her in his arms*).

*Lady HAR.* Virtue me no virtues---Is she not a beggar? Who can deny that?

*WELF.* I can! She is as rich in worldly dross, as her whom you expected to find here—and ten times richer in those nobler virtues which you so much disdain.

*LOTH.* Oh speak, my father! relieve this anxiety!

*JONAS.* Ay, do, my good old Dad, or faith I must call for some hartshorn and water.

*Sir TOBY.* Do stop that ideot's tongue.

*WELF.* You see one before you who was by repeated misfortunes reduc'd from a state of affluence to that in which you have long known me. I wonder you have not in five long years discover'd your old companion and school-fellow!

*Sir*

*Sir TOBY.* I don't know how it was, but I always had a particular friendship for you; yet I don't recollect.

*WELF.* Not recollect---Donmore!

*Sir TOBY.* Good Heavens!--I can't believe my eyes!--and yet it is!--

*Capt. HAR.* Ah, sir, what mean you?

*WELF.* I mean that we are happy.

*Sir TOBY.* But how came all this about?

*WELF.* Some other time can best explain what, to recite minutely, wou'd fill a volume. —Suffice it to say, that soon after the decease of my much-lov'd wife, my father died; when, instead of finding myself possessed of an affluent fortune, with the reversion of the title of Lord Donmore, I found he had disinherited me, leaving me without any visible means of support. The extreme concern for the death of my wife joined to this additional misfortune threw me into a severe illness, which I should never have recover'd from, had not the idea of leaving this my darling child behind, friendless and forlorn, filled me with new life. When I was in some measure recover'd, I was obliged to seek out for some employment, to support myself and infant. Knowing you were in want of a steward, I applied, and succeeded. The change of my dress, and the alteration illness had made in my countenance, I imagine to have been the reason you did not know me. In this situation have we lived since—resolving not to make the world acquainted with our misfortunes, but to bury them in our own bosoms.

*Sir TOBY.* Wonderful!--But proceed.

*WELF.*

WELF. Within this hour a messenger has been with me to inform me that the late Lord Donmore died about a fortnight since, leaving me in possession of his title, as well as of that fortune which my father had so cruelly deprived me of.

LOTH. Amazing Providence!

WELF. Take her, Charles, and with her a fortune equal to her rank.—You cou'd value her without those worldly recommendations, and therefore deserve her with them. She's quite a little rustic, and knows nothing of the world ;—but her education has been the best I cou'd bestow.—May she make you happy ! and may you hourly bless her ! I hope your ladyship has no scruples now ?

Lady HAR. Scruples, your lordship !—Oh dear, (*curtseys*) I never had any.

Sir TOBY. Well done, Bridget.

JONAS. Father, I say 'tis not fair that Charles shou'd have Miss Lotharia.—Now, Miss, didn't I make love to you first ?

Sir TOBY. Well, never mind, Jonas ! Who knows but you may get Lady Fly-away yourself—you'll make an excellent couple.

Capt. HAR. Yes, Jonas ; and as you are fond of show and fashionable life, you may then have your fill of it.

*Enter JOHN.*

JOHN. Please your Honour, here's an old woman wants to see you.

Sir TOBY. Well, bring her in : old or young, all are welcome to-day ; ay, and for a month to come I'll have such doings !—

*Enter*



*Enter CHARLOTTE (disguised as an Old Woman).*

Sir TOBY. Ah, goody, how do you do? I'm glad to see you.

CHAR. I thank your Honour, pretty well; indeed, as well as I can expect.—I grow very old; almost fourscore!—There's no stopping time, your Honour.

Sir TOBY. Very true, very true, goody! yet we all wish to live as long as we can. Life is sweet, you know.

CHAR. Ay, by the mackings is it!—and yet, when we are both old and poor, and have outliv'd every good, 'tis very hard.—But I am come to pay your Honour my last quarter's rent. I did not wish to be behindhand: I like to keep up the old custom I have practised these five-and-thirty years, tho' I assure your Honour I never was harder put to it than I was to make it up this time. 'Tis true, I had fav'd it up long before quarter-day; but poor neighbour Goodly died, and left a wife and fix children to the mercy of his creditors; so by the greatest good fortune my little sum fav'd them from the horrors of a prison. Poor souls, they were nearly dragged away before I could help them!

Sir TOBY. Inhuman wretches! There, goody, take back your rent—and for your generous humanity, I shall order my steward to add something more to it; for, in my opinion, my money never shines to so much advantage as when it brightens the countenance of the worthy indigent.

CHAR.

CHAR. Your Honour is all goodness—you are a blessing to us poor folks. Your kindness brings tears into my eyes ; but, your Honour, I wish to ask your advice about my grandson.

Sir TOBY. Reuben ! He has just been with me to beg I would speak to Farmer Cow-fell, and likewise to you, when you came to pay your rent. Come, goody, you must give your consent for the young folks to marry ; they'll be very happy, I make no doubt.

CHAR. Your Honour is main kind to think so.

*Enter JOHN.*

JOHN. Sir, here's Reuben and Peggy beg to see your Honour.

Sir TOBY. Shew them in.---Now, goody, you shall see how happy we have made them.

*Enter REUBEN and PEGGY.*

Sir TOBY. Come in ! — I have made your peace for you.—See, your grandmother is here before you.

REUBEN. Yes, your Honour ! we have just been to see for her.

CHAR. His Honour has been so kind as to sue for you.—Ah ! I thought it would come to this !—I always had a suspicion.

Sir TOBY. Ah goody, you and I have liv'd too long in the world to be deceiv'd by such youngers.—I have a girl that thought she cou'd play me a trick ; but I think I am proof against all her cunning.

I.

CHAR.

CHAR. Ay, ay, Sir Toby, you are not so easily over-reach'd.

Sir TOBY. You are right, goody.----No, no, I am not to be caught so easily.—But come, my friends, assemble all together.---Two weddings in view!

Capt. HAR. But where's my cousin and my sister?—Surely they have not stolen a match in order to make a third!

Lady HAR. Oh no!—Charlotte is too wild to be caught, I assure you.

JONAS. Lord, mother, how can you tell? You know nothing about it.

Sir TOBY. Let's see for them.—I wonder they are not come before now. (*Aside.*) She's a long time changing her dress, sure.—I expected she would have taken leave of the Scotchman long before this.—Why, Charlotte, Charlotte, where are you?

[CHARLOTTE throws aside the Old Woman's Disguise, and uncovering the Officer's, with a low Bow says) Here I am, papa.

Sir TOBY. Here! What! and have I been fool'd at last?

CHAR. Pardon me, Sir, you have indeed.

Capt. HAR. Why, cousin, how comes all this about? Why this masquerading?

CHAR. Not cousin, neither—but your own dear sister Charlotte.

Capt. HAR. Charlotte! And have I been jealous of *you* all this time?

Sir TOBY. Yes, Charles, and I was in the plot too.

CHAR. But you little thought to be so caught yourself, my dear papa?—And, pray now, which character do you like me best in?

—An



—An old woman of seventy-five—(*imitating an old woman*)---or the vivacious North Briton?---(*sings a couple of lines of a sprightly Scotch song*).

WEL. You are excellent in both! I am delighted with this stratagem.---Faith, Miss Charlotte, I think you would make an excellent actress.

CHAR. And you, too, my Lady---you must forgive me---you must indeed! Ha! ha! ha!

Sir TOBY. What, have you made a fool of her too, girl?

CHAR. No, Sir.---

JONAS. But not far short; ha, Charlotte? He! he! he! Well, that is fun! He! he! he!

CHAR. Yes, and you too, Jonas---Do you remember the Turkey-cock? ha!

JONAS. Hush, hush, now! don't say a word.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

JONAS. Ah! I thought it would come to my turn.

WEL. Well, I think you have all shared alike thro' this girl's ingenuity.---And as the day began, so let us end it, in mirth and jollity.

Sir TOBY. Ay, so we will---therefore let's have music---and let all give a specimen of their abilities.

## F I N A L E.

*Captain HARWIN.*

Lotharia, my life, my love,  
What happiness is mine to prove!  
Belov'd by thee,  
Who's blest'd like me,  
Or who such joys e'er knew?

LOTH.

LOTHARIA.

Now all my wishes are compleat,  
My heart's with fondest love replete!  
With thee while blest,  
By thee carest,  
No joys I'll own but you.

*Sir* TOBY.

What shall I say in my excuse?  
To prove I was not caught 's no use.  
You all then know  
Who serv'd me so;  
And there she stands, you see.

*Lady* HAR.

And what is worse, my love, I'm caught!  
For all she swore is come to nought:  
The sigh, the pant,  
The rove, the rant,  
Has rais'd the laugh at me.

REUBEN.

I thank your Honour for my Wife;  
With gratitude will own thro' life,  
What you have done  
Much praise has won,  
For goodness all is thine.

PEGGY.

Your Honour, I must thank you too;  
I ne'er should Husband got, if you  
Had not been kind,  
And told my mind,  
And made my Reuben mine.

JONAS.

JONAS.

Oh, my turn is come ! What shall I say,  
My wit and talents to display?  
The Turkey-cock  
My mouth does stop,  
I find it's a lost cause.---

CHARLOTTE.

What character shall I assume ?  
Which has most weight ? May I presume  
For Us to sue ?  
If We've pleas'd you,  
Bless Us with kind applause !

F I N P S.





